WILD-FLOWERS

A Volume of Poems

BY JOSEPH DALY

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WILD-FLOWERS.

A Volume of Poems.

BY

JOSEPH DALY.

"For many days
Has she been wandering in uncertain ways,
Thro' wilderness and woods of mosséd oak."
— *Keats.*

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1883.

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By Joseph Daly.

TO

Mr. William E. Hatch,

WITH THE

SINCEREST FEELINGS OF GRATITUDE AND GOOD WISHES

THIS VOLUME,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GREAT RESPECT, IS, WITHOUT

PERMISSION, DEDICATED BY HIS

THANKFUL FRIEND

JOSEPH DALY.

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PREFACE.

THESE poems are the productions of a boy in his teens, mostly written at school during the intervals of sport and study. They may be little worthy of the public's notice, yet the author feels that the friends who have requested him to publish them will be pleased with the volume; and such, indeed, is his sincerest wish.

Plucked amid merry May-days, from Fancy's wilderness, these gatherings may be called Wild-Flowers, without erring greatly.

J. D.

BRANFORD, CT., April, 1883.

PRELUDE.

WHEN stilled is all the noise of earth,
And hushed the gleeful roar of mirth,
Then comes upon the listener's ears
The ceaseless music of the spheres, —
It springs from some sublime profound,
A vast eternity of sound ;
There is no silence and can never be,
For Nature hymns its endless harmony.

Each zephyr whistles as it flies ;
Each tree has its melodious sighs ;
And not a brooklet purls along,
But sings to woodland-elves its song ;
Each river murmurs to its flow
A voice that seems to speak of woe ;
And from the cataract throughout all time
There is a mighty, mighty voice sublime.

No creature flaps a busy wing,
But has a melody to sing ;
Forever at the songster's will
The notes are bubbling from his bill,
As from a pretty fountain pours
A stream that breaks to crystal showers ;

And sadness flies before the singer's word,
And cheer with smiles appears when it is heard.

The bacchanalian merrily
Pipes forth his jolly songs of glee;
The milkmaid, buxom, fair, and sweet,
Has some love ditty to repeat;
And while the rest about are still
The shepherd whistles on the hill;
And often I within my breast prolong
The silver notes of my fair maiden's song.

Must I then linger silent near,
In such a happy, tuneful sphere?
No; in my idle days I caught
Unbidden notes that Nature brought,
And oftentimes my idle hand
Sweet Poesy's utterance can command;
Hence I will take me to a bowery nook,
And sing my fancies in a poet's book.

WILD-FLOWERS.

POEMS.

THE MAIDEN.

"I 'LL burst the pregnant pod and see
The way that Fate intends for me."
So spake a maid,
And, as she said,
She snapped the bubble right in twain,
And in her glee exclaimed again:

"Beneath this little villous lid
The hope of all my life is hid;
'T will tell a tale
Of bliss or bale.
I wish the best, and yet I fear
That many fateful views are near."

Her girlish tongue began to count,
And as she lisped the seeds' amount,
There sprang a flush,
A fiery blush,
"Will this prediction be my lot —
To be, by him I love, forgot?"

But no; her fingers soon unsheathe
Another that reposes 'neath.
Then quickly she
In heightened glee
Exclaimed, "A faithful lover he
To watch and tender over me!"

A storm came o'er that happy time,
For disappointment 'gan to climb
Her features o'er;
And more and more
I saw the slowly spreading change
All o'er her countenance to range.

Then satisfaction came with joy.
"A handsome and a cheerful boy
To be beside,
And be his bride,"
She said; the pod away she threw
And frolicked glad to tricks anew.

PEACE.

NO fancied joy allures my heart;
Nor race I in the boist'rous rout;
No active, wrangling passions start,
And shoot hot agitation 'bout;
No study captivates my brain,
Nor sink I 'neath rough labor's strain.

The sun is dipping to the West,
And sultry is the shiny beam,
Whilst in the maple shade I rest,
And gaze across the dimpling stream.
'T is now, while all temptations cease,
That I am glad in quiet peace.

The reaper's sunburnt face is wet,
So hard he labors in the heat;
And on his thrifty son the sweat
Is oozing with each vital beat.
They thrive; I 'm wealthy not the less;
For highest wealth is happiness.

O Peace! most precious gift of Heaven,
Dropped from angelic, downy wings,
And unto youth in kindness given!
What bale the bad to-morrow brings!
O, let me hold thee while I may!
O, let me dream away the day!

TO G * * * *.

THERE is a sweetness in thy smile
That nowhere else can be,
So lovely, calm, and free from guile,
That oft I leave my tasks awhile
To turn and gaze on thee.

There never did more beauteous sight
Upon the whole world live;
And never form of maiden bright
Shed more enchantment and delight
Than thou, sweet maid, dost give.

Thou art too spotless for this sphere,
This world of toil and woe;
Deceit will set its ambush here,
And Flattery hold thy suasive ear,
Wherever thou wilt go.

Within thy softly twinkling eyes
There rests the hallowed hue
That in high Heaven's pavement lies,
And when in thought thine eyes arise,
I think of Heaven, too.

Thou art a lovely angel, strayed
From Eden's fairest bower;
Some thoughtless angel, who hast made
A voyage from Elysian shade,
Thou sweet celestial flower!

Upon thy memory I will not
For one remembrance call,
Save when young lovers round thee plot,
Then let my name be not forgot,
For I love thee more than all.

A SHORT STORY.

I TOOK it softly, slowly up,
A shiny little buttercup,
And its gold leaves I then could see
To flutter as to fly from me.
And Gertrude, as I turned to her,
Espied the little floweret's stir,
And quick exclaimed, "Canst thou not see
That floweret does not rest with thee?"

The little gem she tried to seize,
There rustling in the rising breeze;
But I more dextrous drew aside
That Gertrude's grasp I might elide.
Her faery, velvet finger-tips
Just kissed the glossy, golden lips
That with their gossamery print
Imbrued on her their sun-born tint.

Just then a childish fiction stole
Among the workings of my soul —
I said, "O, maiden, let me see
If butter is not liked by thee!"
She raised her radiant face and smiled, —
For every lover plays the child, —
I held the golden chalice up,
The lifeless little buttercup.

A dubious flame of yellow sheen
Was flung beneath the maiden's chin;
And then temptation caught my mind,
About her neck my arms I twined,
And thinking not I did amiss,
I stole from her fair face a kiss.
Ah, what rash things will lovers do!
But, frowning man, what less would you?

TO HEROISM.

BENIGNANT child of freedom born,
Thou art as pure as the dewy tear
That in the brilliant break of morn,
Doth pale each swaying grassy spear!
No worldly hope of misty fame
To danger's crosses prompts thee go,
No wish to leave a flattered name,
The while a mangled form lies low.

There is a fatherland to save!
A Nation's voice peals out its dole,
Thou risest 'mong the dauntless brave,
And throw'st thy magic o'er the soul.
Where feit the battle's clash is most,
Amid the maddest mass of strife,
Where even hope itself is lost,
Thy presence sheds replenished life.

Thy votaries lie in every land,
Their names forgotten with their dust;
They feared not death, thy gallant band,
In heaven alone they held a trust.
Perhaps inspired by worthy aim
'Gainst whelming lines they urged their main,
But though they died with honored name,
Their ebbing life-blood ran in vain.

Most hallowed are the names of those,
Who strove sincere, but lost in strife;
In honored tombs their breasts repose,
They who recked little of their life.
The gallant soldier's justest pride,
Celestial spirit pure and just!
How many patriots have died,
Upheld by thee, in thee their trust!

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

AH, lifeless is the master's hand, the harp's sweet tongue is dead,
Yet ceaseless are its echoes: but the harper's day is done;
Though circling is a halo bright of glory round his head,
Yet mournful is a solemn voice, that whispers "He is gone."

Pure, spotless is his lengthy life, a bright, unsullied stream,
A thornless way of roses, to a brighter, brighter realm;
O, beautiful the visions were that floated in his dream!
His guileless breast the thought of bad could never overwhelm.

A garland wreathes his honored brow, undying in its bloom;
His bearded head is laid to rest, to rest in downy peace;
A nation pays its reverence to him who meets the tomb,
And on through future ages hear we honor's voice increase.

High genius placed her chosen son 'mid brightest of his race;
He stands the chiefest of our bards, our pride in poesy,
The psalmist of the life he lived, in fame's most lofty place;
The tales he told and songs he sung we echo cheerily.

EMMA.

THOUGH dark the night, and chilly came
The flying wind athwart my frame,
No cloud obscured the dome of blue;
Each star shone in most brilliant trim,

And far away heat-lightning threw
  Its blaze upon the southern rim.
Within her chamber Emma hung,
And in the chill, dark stillness sung.

Her faint first utterance startled night,
And sent a transport of delight;
The thought of lovely Emma lent
  Enchanted sweetness to her voice;
It was a pretty song, and meant
  To make a listening youth rejoice—
To make a ravished breast prolong
Sweet, lovely, black-eyed Emma's song.

"My lover, long I wait for thee,
  But you come not to me, to me,
    Can you be true?
    Or is my lover false?
  O thou who heard the promise given,
  Thou listening azure sky of heaven!
    O, tell me well
    Why my young lover halts.

"He promised me at eventide
  He would be at his darling's side,
    But he to me
    Comes not, to-night, to me,—
  Can there be eyes more black than mine,
  Whose penetrating siren shine
    Can raise his praise
    When they break on his sight?

"I wait, I wait, for thee I wait,
For thee, my love, for thee, my mate,
Thus late I wait
For thee, fair boy, for thee.
I hear not thy sweet whisper near,
I hear not thy heart throbbing here,
I feel you will
Come nevermore to me."

The window dropped; no more I heard
The singing of the black-eyed bird,
But through the storm that soon came on,
Amid the thunder's awful boom,
When far away from her I 'd gone
I thought I heard an echo come;
And I her lily-cheek could see
From out the dark appear to me.

TO J * * * * .

AS some fair cloud at eventide,
Upon its way athwart the sky,
Doth stop a moment and then glide
Across the welkin steadily —
E'en so thine eye, so beauteous, bright,
In one brief momentary stare,
Upon me beams entrancing light,
Then rolls about unfixed through air.

But rather would I meet the ray
Of splendor from the sultry sun,
The hottest beam at middle day,
Than have our looks together run.
I cannot tell what bids me shun
What others fain would deem a prize.
But oft methinks that, were it won,
'T were fatal pleasure to the eyes.

For love has hid an arrow there
Too fatal far for youth to meet,
And illy would the youngster fare
Who might endeavor that to greet.
There lives in love much happiness,
But yet than all the agony
The happiness is far the less ;
And such must every lover see.

PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

COME, Melancholy, throw thy shroud
Of darkness o'er thy votive child,
And whilst I linger 'neath thy cloud,
Direct my steps where Nature wild
Expels all others from that part ;
And binding, as a love,
My meditative, shrinking heart,
Transports me while I rove.

I hate to mix with mortal-kind,
The children of hypocrisy;
But in the wilderness I find
An isolated world for me;
For Nature's million mysteries,
And music, heaven-born,
From meadow-blades and forest-trees,
Are spells to one forlorn.

The mellow purling of the brook
Will gently my attention seize;
Sweet health will glad my idle look,
While I enjoy each passing breeze.
The singing of the little bird
Will be my lullaby,
And when the pretty song is heard,
I 'll know Contentment nigh.

And all my ravishment will steal
No idle saying from my voice;
For telling what the soul can feel
Is but an awkward use of noise.
O Solitude! when thee I woo,
I do not love mankind;
For always plotting and untrue,
This vicious world I find.

MINNIE.

MINNIE, brightly beams the sun,
When the morning is begun,
Ere the sultry height is won ;
Yet, ne'er would its gorgeous light
Seem to shine so purely bright,
Wert thou not within my sight,
Darling little Minnie !

Know I where the lilies grow,
Know I where the lilies blow,
Lovely lilies, white as snow, —
Yet, the whitest one I see
Speaks not so of purity
As the snowy cheek of thee,
Darling little Minnie !

When the wingéd songster sings,
When the sweetest music brings
Gladness o'er me with its wings,
When enrapturements appear,
Oft I feel that naught could cheer,
Wert thy smile not circling near,
Darling little Minnie !

When the gloomy night steals on,
And the rays of warmth are gone,
And the cheerful day is done,

Then thy prattling tongue I hear,
And I know thee smiling near,
And my bosom opes with cheer,
Darling little Minnie!

ON HAND IN HAND.

ON hand in hand with Hope and Joy,
A careless and presumptive boy,
I scampered to the tryst,
Where I would meet my life, my love,
And none but we and heaven above
Would hear our vows, we wist.

We met, and by the moon that beamed,
My love, my life, my Gertrude seemed
More fair than e'er before;
O who of all this mortal race
Can tell the beauty of the face
Of her he doth adore?

Far, far from laboring world away,
We fervent lovers bent astray
To Eden's bowery shade.
Not e'en a zephyr round us sung —
All nature seemed to still its tongue
To hear the vows we made.

I clasped the hand that held mine own,
And in our sweetest, clearest tone
  Eternal vows were given ;
And Joy sat smiling at my side,
But Hope to other strugglers hied,
  For I had won my heaven.

LULLABY.

MAMMA watches o'er her love ;
  Rest, my darling Minnie, rest ;
Mamma watches o'er her dove,
  O'er the birdy in its nest.
Sleep, my darling, softly sleep,
While the moments softly creep.

Rest, my pretty angel, rest ;
  Sleep, my little cherub, sleep ;
Let not wordly thoughts molest ;
  O'er thee watch doth mother keep.
Cherubim will never cease
Granting Minnie balmy peace.

Now the birdy sings to thee,
  Brings my little one repose ;
Halcyon thy rest will be,
  While the zephyr to thee blows.
Little infant, kind and calm,
Mamma's watch protects from harm.

Now do thy transparent lids
Hide thy little ebon eyes;
And an angel guardian bids
Rest, while all excitement dies.
Minnie darling, pretty one,
Rest, while mamma watches on.

THE VOYAGE TO LOVE.

STEADILY slow,
Onward we go,
Skipping on, tripping on,
While the soft breezes blow
O'er the swift waters' flow;
Slipping on, dipping on,
Onward we row.

How the cleft waters splash!
How the cleft waters dash
Upward against the prow,
Upward against the bow,
Scattering and spattering upon the white track.
While the advancing beam
Plays on the prancing stream:
And the stars sunken glow
In the wide path of snow,
Dancing and prancing upon the sea's black!

How the rent eddies flap,
How the blent eddies slap,
In the dark rising tide,
'Gainst the light shallop's side,
Doubling the bubbling upon the lit crest!
See the strong billows slide
On with the rushing tide,
Rising to kiss the boat
As it goes on afloat,
Tripling the rippling upon the sea's breast.

In yonder height,
See yonder light
Beaming on, streaming on,
O'er the wide rolling sea;
O'er the wide waves to me,
Gleaming on, beaming on
To my delight.

In her high chamber there
Lingers my lady fair,
Looking across the sea,
Looking across for me,
Rowing and going to my lady love.
Hark to her rising song!
How it swells on along,
Bidding my heart rejoice
While I can catch her voice,
Swelling, excelling the angels above!

Fast, faster ply the oar;
We are so nigh the shore
That my heart longs to leap
Over the darksome deep
Distance, resistance to quell in a trice;
Lock in a lover's arms
Maiden of many charms, —
Black eye and wavy hair,
Such as fair houris wear —
Steer on, and near on to my Paradise.

Ah, she has espied the wide trailing of foam,
And heard us as lightly to her we rowed;
And here comes my Gertrude from out of her home
To welcome her lover to her abode!

SMOKE.

THE old man at the casement sits,
And smokes the dusky pipe away
(There 's comfort in that bowl of clay),
And pleasantly the moment flits,
While round his face the vapors play.

Half-nodding he sits dreamily;
There is a mist before his eyes,
The spirits of the past arise;
His future fate he cannot see,
Within the heavy smoke it lies.

Fantastic curlings from the pipe
At every breath float into air;
Not sorrowfully doth he stare
The sweet, sweet past of life less ripe;
For comfort drowns sad memory's tear.

Age laughs from out that wrinkled face;
Contentment has a holy smile,
Unsullied by deceit or guile;
Sincerity in homely place
Hides from the false Temptation's wile.

Asleep from care, smoke on, old man;
Let Peace and calm enjoyment yoke.
Long bless the day thy soul awoke
To know in life's fast-fleeting span
The treasures of a world of smoke.

ODE. REMORSE.

FROM all the mortal mass aloof
Thou holdest thy repentant face,
Thou sad possessor of disgrace!
Thy piercing sight can view the proof
Of former unforgotten sin
(The while that other eyes are dim),
And forms of shadowy demons grim
Can haunt thy memory all within.

The thought of what has been before
  Makes barren every source of mirth,
  And makes thee seem upon this earth
Like some proud vessel cast ashore,
Its pride, its beauty all decayed,
  Its pennant but a tattered strip —
  The very spirit of a ship
Upon a coast all worthless laid.

Why think that man's suspicious eye
  Can pry the secrets of the past,
  And from that ocean deep and vast
Upraise the ghost of frailty?
Why think that whisperers will hear
  And magnify the tale of sin?
  Why think man hates thee all within,
Though friendly to the eye appear?

Go! study suits thy saddened mind,
  Go! woo the balms of solitude,
  Or on remembered sorrow brood,
With memory lingering behind;
Dark, frowning misanthrope Remorse!
  Thou wert a gay reveler once;
  But thought has dried the joyous fonts,
And mem'ry to thee is a curse.

THE MEMENTO.

LO ! even here, upon this gnarly trunk.
But idle lads, we this memorial sunk,
Cut these rude symbols with unskilful mark,
Our carved initials on this maple bark.
And though the sluggish hand of ruthless time
Bids creeping vines the massy bulk to climb,
And though the growth seeks also to efface,
I still can catch the jackknife's playful trace.
Now, how blest memory mirrors to my gaze
The best companion of my boyhood's days !
Again I see his agile feet, unshod,
That skipped so lightly o'er the velvet sod ;
His light, luxuriant, silky waves of hair,
His sunburnt face with many a dimple there.
And oft, O Albert ! friend forever dear,
I think of thee, yet not without a tear ;
And pensively to times, my thoughts resort,
When frisking lads we joyed in every sport.
How many a time we fled o'er peak and plain
In careless glee, nor minded sun or rain !
How oft we glided in the gamesome chase,
And won the simple laurels of the race !
Canst thou remember how that many a day
We frolicked lightly in the tossing spray,
And blessed the waves in all their mighty roar,

That bore us swimming outward from the shore ;
How flew the ball before our manly stroke ;
How oftentimes the groups in quarrel broke ;
And how our league, in hot, unequal fight,
Most feebly met the bullies' brawny might,
But, nerved by base oppression to the thrust,
We won our aim, as ever patience must?
How mates at school we babbled out our lore,
And joined each other when the toils were o'er,
And kings in mischief, chiefs in every sport,
Held long upon the playground our resort?
O, once had I a merry, merry shout,
And laughed the loudest in each boyish rout.
But friends who made my childhood dear have fled,
And left me to cold-hearted men instead.
Then with thoughtfulness the difference I see
'Twixt what life is and what 't was wont to be,
And memory's sad sights of times that were
A silent sadness in my spirit stir ;
And, lest among mankind I should intrude,
I move away to gloomy solitude.
Still as I go through years, the more I find
The more I get disgusted with mankind :
But youth is innocence, and innocence sincere,
And seems the fairer as draws manhood near.
So when we move, compelled, through manhood's ways,
We turn aback to more unsullied days,
And as we urge our retrogressive glance,

Each scene repasses in our mental trance, —
The turfy field, pavilion green of fun,
Where oft we gamboled when our tasks were done ;
The rocky height that we were wont to climb
When nothing sterner pressed upon our time ;
The woods through which we fled amid the game,
With native speed that distance could not tame ;
The brambly mead that oft we wandered o'er,
Young plunderers of the sweet bird's precious store.

Come, heaven-born simplicity ! and fill
A simple breast, and virtuousness instil ;
Thy child was I when first I pent my soul
In study at the schoolhouse on the knoll ;
'T was thou who bade me as a friend to greet
The frisky lads that therein I would meet ;
'T was thou who taught me first to persevere
In all the lengthy, worldly struggle there.
Upon that schoolhouse steps, and on the walls,
On bench and desk, and all my mind recalls,
The boys had etched their names in manner rude ;
And 'mongst the rest my epitaph has stood.
Such was the custom 'mong our youthful pack ;
We left our names within the jackknife's track.
Our fame was with it ; for Tradition's tongue
Retold our praises to a future throng :
How one fought nobly in the fellest fight ;
Another strong ; another studious, bright ;

How one could wrestle, and another swim;
How one was fleet, another tough in limb.
These were our pleasures, and all free of sin,
For not that monster vexed our breast within.

But look ahead! the thorny way of life
Will draw me on amid a mass of strife,
And as I wander to a world so vast,
I pause to take a thought upon the past;
Then go my dubious path, as on his way
A pilgrim presses at the close of day.

STANZAS ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

FAREWELL, ye days of wild delight!
Ye halcyon days of joy!
Sweet season that has taken flight,
And left me not a boy.

O, how I basked in happiness!
Nor thought in time to be
That life would happy be the less
Than then it was to me.

Too late to know the worth supreme
Of days unshocked by care;
They come again in memory's dream
And steal the muser's tear.

O, that I were the careless child
That sports on yonder turf!
Or once again a boy, and wild,
Go tumbling in the surf!

But why lament my coming fate,
Retrace the memory of friends,
Who long ere now have passed the gate
Where youth's fair realm with manhood's blends.

They do not rest beneath this roof,
Nor frolic in the playground green,
And where is there a single proof
That e'er they gamboled on the scene.

Yet whilst I linger to depart,
I feel the hot out-pressing tear;
And sadness overwhelms my heart
As visions of my fate appear.

TO ANNIE.

AND must we part? I hate to move
Away from one I dearly love:
And rove where'er I may, I find
That thou art present to my mind.
And I for ever do behold
The object that could charm of old.

O maiden! wander where I will,
Thy girlish smile is with me still;
Thy ringlets droop upon thy dress,
With all their wonted loveliness.
Ah, maiden! yet I love to wait;
To say adieu, I hesitate.

O joyful day when I did raise
From thy sweet tongue a voice of praise!
And ever will thine accents be
Enshrined within my memory,
And I will, whilst I live, possess
That relic of thy gentleness.

I know it true, the unbidden tear
That drops in secret flows sincere,
And doubly gifted if it be
A sacrifice, sweet love, to thee;
And dearer still if it doth start,
Outpressed by feelings from the heart.

I love thee; yes, I love, but yet
My face I ask thee to forget;
For I, my beauteous queen, have found,
That thoughts of happy days will wound;
And sure the easy smile, and kiss,
And glance, relate a tale of bliss.

Amid the coming hours of stir,
I'll dream of happy days that were,
And, gentle girl, my reverie
Will urge my drifting thoughts to thee,
My loving girl, to good to lure —
My cherished maiden, good and pure !

A MEDITATION.

I SAT encircled by the thick, thick wood,
And far above me swung the forest-trees,
That chorused loud in every passing breeze ;
Behind me high a rugged range there stood,
And at its foot were mighty fragments thrown
(As mighty empires crouch to mightier still),
Adown its side there ran a little rill,
And from its barren breast the trees had grown,
That proudly looked and tossed above the rest,
That proudly looked upon the marsh below,
Where in full mass the wilderness did grow,
And saw a giant oak, that, bent its crest,
Lay splintered into needles at my side.
I sat and mused, and as I gazed around,
And heard loud Nature's, but no human, sound,
Thus in my brain my kindling fancies cried :
" I am the only wanderer in the wood.

Perhap that here a hundred years ago
The Indian chased his sustenance to and fro;
Perhap e'en here a savage sachem stood.
Now only boys do imitate the race
And build rude huts on gleeful holidays,
While man looks down with scorn upon their plays;
The conqueror laughs upon the victim's place."

TO L * * * *.

BELIEVE me, when the ruby hue,
So bright within a cheek so soft,
Meets my enraptured orbs of view,
I raise my very soul aloft,
And calling fancy to my aid,
I see thy form so falsely nice,
That I think of thee, sweetest maid,
As some sweet rose of Paradise.

But when I see thee capering gay,
And strongly fill thy snowy throat,
To cast the heavy hour away,
And sweetly give the welcome note,
So rapt am I, my maiden fair,
Through flattering Fancy's dim device,
I peer again, and see thee there
As some fair bird of Paradise.

But when I feel the witchery
That centres in the blue profound
Of thine irradiating eye,
And throws its magic spells around,
There doth a shadowy mist ascend,
And cloud my rapture-stricken eye,
And soon I think that I have kenned
A houri come from Paradise.

HYMN.

HOLY Mary! when the morn
Wakens in the Eastern sky,
And I waken with the dawn,
Turn my thoughts to things on high;
Let my day in prayer begin,
In devout humility;
Keep my soul from blighting sin;
Let me think of Heaven and Thee.

Sweet Maria! when the sun
Shines its hottest noonday spear,
Let my mute attention run
Far above this earthly sphere;
While the holy angelus
Rises with my thoughts to thee,
Then, Sweet Mother, generous,
Give a gracious thought to me.

When the star of evening reigns
In its throne, surrounded, high,
Then, Maria, hear the strains
As our vesper hymns reply
To thy goodness and thine aid ;
Hear my swelling tongue implore
Bright forgiveness, half afraid
Of the darkness hanging o'er.

A SIMILE.

JUST ere the day began to die,
I saw a spotless cloud of white,
A drift of snow upon the sky,
While all about the dome was bright : —
So o'er our ways, in youthful days,
As suddenly comes Beauty on,
To draw an admirative gaze,
Enrapturing him who looks upon.

But soon the brilliant, sunny light
Was spreading o'er the cloudy fold,
And then it grew so gorgeous, bright,
That looked it a bright mass of gold : —
And so, as we prolong our glance,
Young Beauty brighter, fairer grows,
Until the vision doth entrance —
'T is more than human we suppose.

The colors in the cloudlet grew
  More varied, shone more dubiously,
And as I gazed I hardly knew
  The tint so fair that I did see : —
On Beauty's cheek so comes the smile,
  A maiden's magic charm, the look ;
We say 't is love, and in a while
  Our first decision is forsook.

I still gazed on the feathery drift,
  And soon I *knew ;* I ceased to think.
No longer did the color shift,
  It stayed, a lovely, lovely pink : —
So when there sounds the balmy kiss,
  When vows are told, and ties are wove,
And when we feel the height of bliss,
  We say we know 't is surely love.

A moment more, the pink was lost ;
  As first it was it grew as white,
And so remained, until it crossed
  The darkening rim in easy flight : —
Doth ever so affection wane,
  And from young Beauty's breast depart ;
It doth a season's flame attain,
  Then dies within the fickle heart.

TO A DANDELION.

HALF hid amidst the clustered grass,
I see thee sparkle as I pass,
Thy little hands extended wide ;
Beneath thy breast the fairies hide —
To them thou art a bossy shield
Up planted on the emerald field,
And many and many an idle time
Upon thy milky stem they climb.

Bright wheel of splendor ! when the rays
Of heaven's hot eternal blaze
Are spent, and when the moonbeams throw
A silvery dimness o'er thy glow,
Fairies meet on thy pavilion,
Giddy through the brisk cotillion,
Till the rays of dawning light
Put the pigmy mass to flight.

But soon the spoiler is afield,
And plucks the brilliant, golden shield.
O, bright circumference of gold !
Ere yet thou art a fortnight old,
The lad thy dwelling-place has found
And torn thee from the sheltering ground,
And snapping off the golden gem
Exhales rude music from the stem.

Or playful comes the little girl,
And trims it to a pendant curl;
Or beauteous maiden, in her teens,
Is on the sward uprooting greens,
And oft the circle bright receives
The blade intended for the leaves;
No vestige then of thee is left,
Of gem and stem and leaves bereft.

Bright wheel! thine is the very fate
That doth for eager man await:
A season short we have of breath,
But that is ended at our death.
But wafted to a purer clime
We joy through everlasting time;
Yes, both; for Heaven were not fair,
Did not sweet flowers blossom there.

MOTHER.

DEAREST, gentlest, kindest one,
Friend, tho' not one more were true,
Loving ever, ever on,
Steadily as mothers do,
What can I begin to give
To repay the care I cost?—
But the heart, wherein doth live
Love that never can be lost.

'T is a love that never dies,
Burning steadily for thee ;
Never doth a morning rise,
But thy weal is prayed by me.
Mother ! How I love thy name !
How its music touches me !
May I love thee still the same !
Ever I be loved by thee !

Dubious is the lot of man,
But whatever be my fate,
(Bring the future what it can,
Whether woe or weal await),
Mother, I will ever pray,
Be my journey sweet or hard.
Heaven guide us on the way,
Heaven guide us and reward.

A REVERIE.

NOW the gorgeous globe of light
O'er the western rim is sinking,
And the little bird of night
Finds me of my lost Love thinking,
Thinking how we parting clung,
How the last adieu was sung.

Bitter was that last adieu —
  Half our feelings were unspoken :
With affection rent in two,
  With our youthful bosoms broken,
How could tongues have life to break
Words nor look nor sigh could speak?

E'en that last, most cruel hour
  Dearest is of memory's treasure,
When ambition lost its power,
  And the soul saw last its pleasure,
When the soul began to know,
Joy had built the throne of woe.

Here this hour I love to stay,
  Lingering in revisitation ;
For this hour of parting day
  Brings to me a sweet relation,
Tells of one who truly proved
That a boy who loved was loved.

TO C. A. C.

I LOOK on thee, as one whom guilt
  And sin pass by; all spotless, free
From clouds temptation might have built :
  A model of sincerity.

I love sincerity, and so
I have an innate love for thee;
If one male being e'er can know
A love for being such as he.

But love is as a fleeting flower,
And soon falls lifeless in its nest;
But friendship will outlive love's hour,
And live when love is long at rest.

And, Charles, my honest old friend true,
I know thou 'lt sometimes think of me,
And may those thoughts assume the hue
That is in those that drift to thee.

A PASTORAL.

O, COME, Love, come across the fields,
And pluck the sweets that nature yields,
O, come, while yet the dewy drop
Upon each little leaf doth stop;
And let us now enjoy the hour,
And penetrate each fragrant bower,
And ruthlessly seize every flower.

And see, the little pansy swings
Its lovely folds, like little wings,

A little banner doth it seem
Here rustling in the rising beam.
Oh ! do these children suffer pain
When they in myriads are slain
By lovers wantoning and vain !

The peony's big bloomy crown
Is hanging on its gaunt stem down,
And presently it will repose
Upon thy breast beside the rose.
The trees outstretch their tufty hands,
Like blossomy, long, stirring wands,
And wave sweet incense o'er the lands.

The currant-clusters hang like beads,
And as we snatch the fruit it bleeds
Upon where live the lettuce beds,
Like crowded youths with curly heads.
Kick o'er those little worlds, that fuzz
Away before the wild-bee's buzz,
That flies through idle tasks it does.

The clover-leaves are in a group,
And, like young children in a troop,
Hold up their heads and clap their hands
As if it were at Joy's commands.
Walk on, my Love, and do not fear,
The earliest daisy blossoms here
With fragrant, snowy jonquils near.

The trumpets of the columbine
Swing light in manner feminine;
The fuchsia beauteously rears
Its little bunch of tender spears:
A quiver full of clustered darts
As soft as those that Cupid's arts
Send piercing through young lovers' hearts.

See on the flowery lilac-bush
The robin with its breast of plush;
Mark what a steadfast gaze it gives
To where the golden crocus lives.
Come on, and pluck it as we pass;
It lies amid the velvet grass
Like, girt with youth, a lovely lass.

And see the pretty sky-blue jay
Dance up and down on yonder spray;
He has a blithesome moment now,
And so have we, my Love, I trow;
And likewise Nature none the less
In all her verdant, brilliant dress
Exhibits signs of happiness.

SONNETS.

MEMORY.

WHEN Pleasure's fitful fleeting moments cease,
And cares break not upon the empty hour,
There is within the brain a mental power
Which interrupts the little reign of peace ;
And, as this rapt emotion doth increase,
A mass of thoughts chaotic do devour
The time, and o'er the spirits shower
Such moods that naught but thoughtfulness can please.
Upraiser of sad sorrow o'er the ruin
Of pleasures past and actions that are dead,
Ah, such art ever thou, sad Memory !
For happy moments do depart too soon,
And when the muser back to thee is led,
Then art thou victor, O Mnemosyne !

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE pulse is light of the enkerchiefed string,
And sadly comes its rolling on the ear ;
But hark ! for slowly-moving men are near,

And in stout arms a lifeless burden bring :
The warrior's spirit has betaken wing,
  And comrades bear the fallen soldier's bier —
  Mark on their cheeks how drip the drops sincere,
And how around no idle words they fling.
They lay him low to his eternal sleep ;
The parting volley booms above his form
(A solace now what terror else should be).
Unmuffled now, the drum no more doth weep ;
It spirits on the sad ones to the storm,
And makes dejected pity light and free.

DEATH.

AH, yes ! There is a terror in the thought
  That we must meet the end of all we know,
  That life shall from its mortal dwelling go —
Downcast by deeds we fain would have unwrought —
To nothingness, from which at first 't was brought,
  Like boatman forced at darkest night to throw
  His feeble bark on mighty seas and row
Until he drifts to resting-place unsought.
But will the Maker draw our spirits home —
The noblest work of an Almighty Hand ?
Will we be glad in everlasting bliss ?
Ah, yes ! our Godlike spirits can roam
Through nothingness ; in a celestial land
We 'll be repaid for all the toils of this.

THE YOUTH.

A MILE from manhood's region paused the lad,
And gazed aback upon his young career;
He marked the way grown varied year by year,
And saw the sweets and trials which he had,
Then soon arose his thinking, reason-clad:
"I mark the way and see new forms appear,
Yet, as I tread, within my breast I fear
The more I go from youth doth Life seem bad."
He looked on to the future; cloudiness
Was there hung thick, and made his vision vain —
And yet a star behind the shroud he caught,
And as he gazed it grew in distance less:
He saw not death; for in his dreamy brain
Were visions of a moment, fancy-wrought.

THE MINSTREL BOYS.

THEY came along from fair Italia's clime,
Two dusky lads, with harp and violin,
And stopped before the little village inn.
The young beguilers of the rustics' time,
Who frisked about in rudest pantomime:
And soon did youthful Poverty begin
To take the mite he could from Pity win;
And in the hat all willing threw a dime.
Oh! then thought I, in all that sunny land

Have they not e'en a mother's heart to love ;
Or father to uphold them and to cheer ;
Or sister to enclasp them in her hand,
And tell them seek a brighter realm above,
And warn them of the toils and perils here !

AMERICA.

A NATION has its workings, where ago
Though forests roamed the native savage wild —
The wilderness gave shelter to her child,
A boon not Nature hesitates to show ;
But man with greater instruments of woe
Came stealing on ; and Progress was it styled,
When by one race another's home was spoiled,
And greater weapons overcame the bow.
A race exulting o'er a race's fall
Has built a nation o'er a nation's grave —
And thus turns Progress to her brightest leaf.
Then was this land relinquished unto all,
When tomahawks were laid beside the brave,
When bow and spear were buried with the chief.

PITY.

AMID the dead the wounded soldier lay,
When Pity at his side betook her place —
She saw the tear upon the bleeding face,

And with a kerchief brushed the drop away.
"I dream of home," she heard the sufferer say,
"And of my mother, gentlest of her race."
Then Pity said: "A mother full of grace
Is guiding thee; look unto her and pray."
She placed her palm upon his heated head,
And soothing was the balmy touch she gave,
And holy light seemed streaming from her eye.
A prayer to Heaven for happiness was said —
A thought of death — a look beyond the grave —
And then the soldier shut his eyes, to die.

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

IN childish days to me 't was often told,
This world God's little finger could create,
As this are many other spheres as great;
Of endless wisdom 't is a moment's mould.
Now puny minds of men have grown so bold
That they would make the future desolate,
And think God's mightiness to estimate,
Disturbing truths a thousand ages old.
There are those things too much for man to know,
Things unbegun, yet ever without end,
And God himself, the grandest mystery;
But man would o'er his crimes a vesture throw,
And unbelief to guilt doth dimness lend
With subtle minions of hypocrisy.

TO IRELAND.

I.

GREEN Erin! Nature's fair and lovely land!
Why do thy sons desert thy turfy soil,
And go like slaves to foreigners to toil?
'T is not at thine, ah! is it Fate's, demand?
Killarney has not power to command
Their residence, where crystal currents coil;
Nor where the waters meet in wild turmoil
In Sweet Avoca's valley rest thy band.
The State is crushed beneath a tyrant hoof,
And warlike fleets pass on along the shore;
The mastiff-minion eyes the peasant's home,
The traitor ventures 'neath the humble roof,
And, stealing for his tale the precious store
Of patriot thoughts, relates 't in castle dome.

II.

O Land of eloquence and poesy,
Of Goldsmith, Moore, of Grattan, Fox, and Burke,
Why do such ills within thy bosom work,
Where still should all thine ancient glory be!
Where still should thrive thine ancient liberty!
Is there no nobler weapon than the dirk?
Great Brian! why do thus thy children shirk
From danger, death, and shame thy memory?
Young Emmet's noble spirit now has fled,

For Erin comes no Hoche now to fight.
O'Connell is no more to speak her cause ;
And Tyranny, fell lion, is not dead ;
For Heroism hath long betaken flight,
And weak souls unto foreign monarchs pause.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

I.

THE April day has gone to its death,
And the evening steals on with a wintry breath,
The ragged half-moon is afloat on the stream,
And the river itself has a chilly, cold gleam.
The grass stoop anear, for each little spear
Is fairer and greener than it doth appear;
And it takes a warm day, sunny, smiling, to bring
Us the tidings so fair that we're drifting through Spring.

II.

Llewellyn was afield before the dawn,
And loitering stood beside the garden gate;
He echoed to himself the first good-morn,
With which the bird sang greeting to her mate,
And lazily he thereabout did wait,
When home the laborer came to snatch his meal;
And now as darkness forms, like goblins great,
And ventures out, he is an idler still;
But he is not at rest, appear he what he will.

III.

Turns he straightway to his cottage home,
Walks right in, but presently comes out,
As might a bee around his castle roam,

A giddy thing, not knowing what 't is 'bout.
Ah, Disappointment! why put Peace to rout?
Why lay Hope and Joy so very low?
Thou art but a hateful one, no doubt,
To be so cruel with thy bitter bow,
To peaceful realms invade, and happiness o'erthrow.

IV.

There was a rustle of a lady's dress,
And soon behind the young Llewellyn stood
A woman of celestial loveliness,
Admiring, as a loving mother should,
Her noble son, as true as her own heart;
But when she saw his meditative mood,
She sought its source, and conjuring her art,
She said, "How fair the eve" — at which her son did start.

V.

The tide of time has brought a little news,
And thrown his mind upon one barren thought;
And, notwithstanding all that he may use
Of counterfeited feelings, he is caught;
And says his mother, "Darling, is there aught
Of sadness that doth trespass near thy heart?
Ah! 't is a hovering memory, that is fraught
With some done dream, and ere it doth depart
It leaves a little sore, a still unpleasant smart."

VI.

"'T is no such thing. I am not sad at all;
But was divining how, another moon,
And we would see the vine ascend the wall;
And then how May would pass so very soon,
And we would have the sunny days of June.
Beneath the velvet cheek of yonder hill
I fancy flowers; and then how Summer's noon
Will blight and blast and scorch them, and will kill,
If they die not in days when plowmen tear and till.

VII.

"The violet is stirring in the womb,
The pansy sleeps beneath the sod we tread,
The peony is bursting from the tomb,
The buttercup is buried, but not dead;
We cannot see the lily's chalice-head,
But know it lies within the earthy deep;
The coy anemone is yet abed,
Until a zephyr whistles it from sleep,
Till dandelions gayly from the meadow peep.

VIII.

"Soon the wild-bee will to the garden rush,
And from that heaven steal its sustenance;
The castle-blossoms of the lilac-bush
Will then have half their sweetness gone, perchance,

Will then have lost the haughty robin's glance ;
For he will elsewhere perch, and long relate
Unto his patient, mute, attentive mate,
Some carolled tale, some balladed romance,
When morning rises up, and when the hours grow late."

IX.

" Llewellyn, I do nothing but rejoice
At what thou say'st ; but surely thou hast lost
The very strength and spirit of thy voice.
Ah ! surely there is something that hath crossed
Thy dreamy plans — say, Disappointment's frost
Chills ere it kills the very fretful hope,
Come, tell me, — for I love thee, — 't will but cost
A moment ; and when secrets blindly grope,
They lock and sully breasts that Conscience seeks to ope.

X.

He would not tell her, and within went she,
But hardly had her footsteps ceased to beat,
When to his ear came more, and well knew he,
Before he saw, the lightly lighting feet
Of Marion, the maid he loves to meet.
She is the star that lights the dubious sky,
And as the rainbow after storm is sweet,
And as it tells of fairer seasons nigh,
So now doth she, and seems Hope, Struggle, Victory.

XI.

For he is on the verge of twenty-four,
The frolics of his college-days are done,
The study of the dreary lawbooks o'er,
And practice in the village just begun ;
Prosperity's first sunshine he has won,
And brighter skies seem in the future near —
For public men have wrote from Washington
That they will push him on in his career ;
And he will thrive and be a star unto his sphere.

XII.

And he and Marion are true in love,
And on her finger dwells the binding ring ;
" She 'll be his bride, as sure as Heaven 's above,"
And other whispers fall from Gossip's wing,
As she flies off with every happening.
But why rushed back his venturing hopes pell-mell?
What message did the latest post-boy bring?
What makes Llewellyn act like one unwell?
Dear me ! I cannot say ; I 'll let my story tell.

XIII.

When Marion bade good-evening unto him,
His answer was in voice unnatural,
As if its very poetry grew dim.
And now she read how teeth, sharp, sure, and small,

Were stealing from his cheeks the beauty all.
She said: "My own, what is it has begot
This change?" "What change?" "Don't be equivocal;
For if thou only know'st it, I will not,
Until the matter's told, stir from this very spot."

XIV.

"Well, Marion, I have full many a day
In hope, nay, even in presumption, spent,
Imagining the time not far away
When I would be repaid for service lent
In putting in our party's President.
Was promised unto me a lofty place
Worth more than many a year's accomplishment;
A mile the one, the other but a pace.
No wonder that I show a disappointed face.

XV.

"For when the Chief had all but wrote his hand,
Came Thomas Clark, whom I have know from youth,
And sneeringly he said: 'It is well planned.
Do not appoint him, for, to tell the truth,
His talents would not weigh an ounce; forsooth,
I know him. Sir, he has a horrid dower
Of sloth and dulness, everything uncouth.
And, sir, the times demand a man of power,
And *we* must cull the best, the purest of the shower.'

XVI.

"The varlet's lying lips were listened to,
His jealousy and meanness did their work;
And I was told to wait a year or two,
And never from stern Duty's plowshare shirk;
To read the lives of Webster and of Burke,
And imitate, endeavoring to excel:
Thus insult in ingratitude did lurk.
But it was Clark who wrote it, I can tell,
In school he did no better, if as well.

XVII.

"He was the boy that robbed the robin's nest
And always cheated in a jackknife trade —
No good at fighting, ready to molest,
Yet shirking from the doom his mischief made.
And yet, when grown to manhood, it is said,
He squeezed to place official, grand, and high
With inborn ease and politicians' aid.
And yet my honest neighbor wonders why
Clark should be clerk about the nation's treasury.

XVIII.

"Then, Marion, to trudge and trudge and try,
Without a single gleaming of success, —
Ah! this it is that makes Ambition die,
When Disappointment drinks its eagerness;

Ambition loathes a life of weariness.
So, lady-love, if I begin anew,
Thy pity 'll calm my dull unhappiness,
And thou shalt say what phantom I 'll pursue,
Or what dim way I 'll go and what I am to do."

XIX.

O, what a wealth is a true woman's love !
To man there 's naught so full of happiness
Beneath the sky, and little more above.
O Heaven on earth ! to have a comfortress
Whose nature is all love and tenderness,
Who comes when we are worsted in the strife,
To pity, heal, direct us in distress,
And hide the furrow of the spoiler's knife ;
The while, like Spring, she breathes and gives replenished life.

XX.

And such is she ; and grand emotions now
Rush out and rescue from deep, dark despair ;
As valiant tars cling to a wrecking prow,
And seem not labor and not life to spare.
Her every word takes off a ton of care
From sad Llewellyn's heart. She is a star
That shines and beams light, grandeur, unaware,
When Darkness rolls upon her dewy car,
Descends, dissolves, and conquers Day without a jar.

XXI.

Her words came low, her manner from above,
Her attitude was grand, serenely so,
And thus she said, in sympathy and love,
"Ah, my Llewellyn! with Ambition low
Is action lifeless. By a jealous blow
A wanton scythe plucks hope, and leaves no root;
But there are brighter tasks that thou canst do;
Thou hast a youthful and an agile foot,
Both wit and wisdom too, and where must all be put?

XXII.

"To me thy pack of manuscripts was shown
The day I learned how fled thine idle hours;
I praised the height to which thy pen had flown,
And I was almost spell-bound with thy powers.
Now genius is the best of Nature's dowers;
Better than beauty, and sure it thou hast.
Nay — laugh not; for the fairest of all flowers
Knows nothing of the cup of beauty vast
That in its lovely cheek and lovely lips is cast.

XXIII.

"Now, what if what was written through a whim
Were published now, I 'm sure 't would raise thee high;
Success would swell its tide above the brim
Of dubious, empty Hope." "Nay; 't will not fly,

That airy sky-lark seems to droop and die,
For it has fallen lifeless on a wreck,
And drops the wish it cannot satisfy."
"But thou hast tied a millstone to its neck,
Which we 'll unbind, and it will answer to our beck."

XXIV.

At length he knew her praise not flattery,
And that her words were more than Fancy's tongue,
And spoken were in deep sincerity;
So while entreating him still Marion clung,
Aside all doubts young bold Obedience flung,
And gave his word that he would shirk no speed
In publishing his work. And so, among
His actions, came the task he had agreed
To do with all his might, and which he did, indeed.

XXV.

Love won its own, and ruled Love wisely now;
For hardly were his writings from the press,
When Fame began its wreath about his brow;
And well his purse fared on this smart success;
He wrote and wrote, but cared for law the less,
And when his third effusion was but hot
From printers' hands, he closed in willingness
His office doors; like one, as I have thought,
Who came and saw a clime and left, but conquered not.

XXVI.

Just as his genius showered its brilliant glow
And struck all people with astonishment,
Just ere to glory's palace he did go,
His life with lovely Marion's was blent
By marriage. Loving always, diligent,
And kind, they made a home of bliss;
And in or storm or calm she ever lent
Care, love, and joy; and nothing went amiss,
Though flattery sweetly spoke, and gave its horrid kiss.

XXVII.

Three children bright, with lovely locks and eyes,
Were Heaven's blessing, sent to glad the two: —
And pure as morning, when the sunbeams rise
To gild bright Eden's grand pavilion blue,
Their home is still. God send them sorrows few!
But in the meantime of my story's tide,
At Washington, the captain of the crew,
The President, was changed, and to abide
Within the White House came an honest man of pride.

XXVIII.

And like a stately steed, that paws the ground
On which he paces, stirring every stump,
This President began to look around,
Where offices were gathered in a clump;

And clerks began to tremble, fear, and jump,
As he began to turn the telling leaves.
Erelong he saw the books an obscure lump,
And muttered thus: "If not my eye deceives.
This government doth clothe and feed a swarm of thieves."

XXIX.

And so it was; and all this dressy pack
Had families, with gems and silks begirt;
And while the honest plowman bent his back,
Or laborer made the hot veins ooze and spurt
With energy, these rascals would pervert
The precious coin that honest people lent
To build the State, by which they might assert
Their stations, and their part of government.
This was the unknown world, where half the taxes went.

XXX.

And high among the clan was Thomas Clark,
Who made his life a wicked, wretched tale;
Whose footprint was a stealthy serpent's mark,
And wandered from a mansion to a jail,
Where all his plotting went to no avail;
But see Llewellyn on the other hand:
His name floats on and up in Glory's gale,
An honor and a jewel to his land,
While books are wrote and read, as long as letters stand.

CONRADINE.

INTRODUCTION.

The balmy summer's day was done,
And moonlit eve had stolen on,
When I passed up the roadway's bend
With Lionel, my little friend;
And hearing distant music sweet,
We paused our fast-advancing feet,
And listened to the tune, that stole,
Enrapturing each silent soul.
Young Lionel uprose his head,
And in his boyish voice he said:
"It sounds quite sweet thus far away,
And at this moolit hour of day.
'T is Jamie, and he plays upon
His silver-tipped accordion."
I answered meet, for as he spoke,
I from the passing rapture broke,
And then, perhaps for leisure joy,
Went, prattling with the bright-eyed boy:
The half of me in age and size,
With blue, forever-laughing eyes,
And tresses light of graceful growth.
We loved each other kindly both.

For he, so childish, often sent
O'er me a flood of merriment,
And I could glad him, too; I taught
Him things his young ambition sought.

At length we saw a pretty cot,
Built on an elevated spot,
By foliage hidden half from sight;
And dimmer in the misty light;
While there beneath the ebon shade
The family assemblage made.
We climbed the steps, the gate we passed,
And up the pathway hastened fast,
To where upon the verdant lawn
The party pleasantly was drawn,
And Jamie still was playing on,
With skill, his sweet accordion;
But seeing us, he flung it by,
Caught up his crutches speedily,
Sprang to us, caught my hand, said, "Come!
And find yourself, my friends, at home.
How are you, Lionel, my boy?
I 'd pitch you up against the sky,
If I could fling these twin sticks by."
The father and the mother shook
My hands with warmth, and fairly took
In arms the bashful Lionel,
And kisses on his red cheeks fell.

We seated down, and changing then
From theme to theme, from health to men,
Thence on to deeds of sword and pen,
Discussing, laughing, joking, till
Our lips were anxious to be still;
So I bade Jamie then to play
A tune to while the hour away.
But he replied: "You might as well
Ask laughing little Lionel."
Next Lionel pressed for the boon,
The father and the mother soon,
Till Jamie recommenced the tune
Our coming broke, and air on air
He gave within the moonlight there,
Rehearsed the old familiar store,
Played many a tune from Burns and Moore,
And sang, till sudden breaking off,
He said: "I guess you 've heard enough."
We praised him, thanked him, and again
Talked long of pencil and of pen,
Joked pleasantly, retold in truth
The many incidents of youth,
Before Affliction's cruel clutch
Stole Jamie's strength and left his crutch.

As if one thought to others led,
The father unto me then said:
"But now think well, and see if not

Some pleasant pastime is forgot,
In which yourself have played the chief.
Ay, look again upon that leaf
And find the records I now touch,
That make your name applauded much.
Can you not boast of honor won
For fictions at the moment spun?
Yes; even here oft Jamie told
The stories that you made of old."

"You might as well," burst Jamie in,
"Say that a fish-horn can begin
To imitate a bugle note,
As his words come from my rough throat!
Why he, unheeding, many a time,
Has told his promised tale in rhyme.
I tell his tales! Why, I suppose
A rosebush you would call a rose!"

We hid the stirring smile; once more
The father said: "Search well your store;
Call once again remembrance back;
Imagine us your youthful pack,
And tell your task. Take hero, clime,
And anything to feed the rhyme;
Name regions likewise, all to live
But in the story you will give.
You still say no; pray, Jamie, how
Is it we get no fiction now?"

"I know the why," quick Jamie burst,
"We always had to coax him first."
The mother was the next to ask,
And so I undertook the task.
But meanwhile she still further sought
That for the subject might be brought
In Love and War. "In which same theme,"
The father said, "All 's fair, we deem,
Save treachery, and," — pausing there,
The son broke in, "And what 's unfair.
Now one calls for the tale in rhyme;
Another names the theme; 't is time
The third should speak. He deems it well
The lines should be like Lionel."
"How, full of life?" "No, short and sweet.
But come; be not so slow; repeat
The story you have promised us."
So urged, I soon obeyed them thus.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

A vernal, soft, ambrosial breeze
That gently stirs the budding trees,
One fragrant, sweet, enticing breath
That fans the anemones from death,
Flies o'er this blooming place. 'T is Spring;
And clearly sweet the woodnotes ring,

That in the thicket rise and sink;
Which, living on the river brink,
Throws far its chilly shade aside
Upon the river's murmuring tide.
From midway up the cloudless sky
The genial, sunny arrows fly,
And gentle energy they yield,
And fling a brilliance o'er the field;
Not such as in o'ercoming rays
Is shed from summer's torrid blaze,
But mild and soothing to the sight,
Makes glad the heart from burden light;
For every leaf and every flower
Has caught the splendor of the hour
And toss about a scented shower,
That, rising as the blossoms stir,
Goes mingling with the gossamer.

II.

Far, dimly o'er the woods arise
Yon lofty turrets to the skies;
The warm beams gild each slender spire
Into a blaze of dancing fire,
And hurling round their magic light,
Illume the castle's proudest height,
Where in his grand ancestral dome
The Baron has his gorgeous home, —
Sir Nicholas who wisely reigns
O'er rich and widely stretched domains.

The mighty Baron's Gothic home
Has many a turret, many a dome,
And, though it seems a rugged pile,
It is the strongest in the isle;
And to it many deeds belong,
Both said in story, sung in song.
'T has stood for years full twenty-score,
Yet never gushed upon its floor
The ebbing life-blood of a foe;
And never the besieger's blow
With patient, lingering thrust was sent
Against its lofty battlement:
Nor Nature wished the isle to know
The conquering onset of a foe;
For all the isle is girt with rocks
That well withstand e'en Nature's shocks.
And as for man, what foe can boast
Of anchoring on that rocky coast?
Vain stranger he, who would essay
About the island's edge to stay;
Upon that rugged coast his ship
Would be as powerless as a chip;
Outflung a toy upon the surge,
His hulk the waves would soon submerge,
And winds would hymn his endless dirge.
No other than a native prore
Can rest upon that rocky shore;
The secret task of harboring near

Can fill no islander with fear,
For years of toil have taught him how
And where to sink his pausing prow.

When first the gathering tale of war
Comes with the sea-breeze from afar,
And calls the warrior to life,
The seamen ready for the strife,
And readier still their homes to save,
Sink down their nets beneath the wave,
That, far below the water's marge,
Will trap the venturing foeman's barge,
And pierce its too-endeavoring side,
Ere it can essay to elide.

III.

Long years ago a fell disease
Sprang from the billows of the seas,
And pestilence in shortest while
Waved deadly over all the isle,
Nor high nor low could stay the scourge,
But crouched below the blighting surge.
The plague disturbed a happy time : —
Sir Nicholas was in his prime,
And hot from arms victorious came
Upborne by vigor and by fame ;
Appeared the mighty Baron then
The happiest of happy men.

Long feasting crowned the blithesome day,
And many a game, and many a play,
And music ringing from each dome,
Proclaimed the warrior welcome home.

The blossom at our feet to-day,
To-morrow morning dies away;
As fleeting was that hour of mirth: —
Two princely sons of princely worth,
Who oft stood at the Baron's side,
Their father's image and his pride;
The one up grown to twenty-one,
The other's nineteenth year begun;
They took the pestilential breath,
And sank, the victim boys of death.
Another spirit, dearer still,
Departed at just Heaven's will,
For soon the dread affliction slew
The lady-mother of the two:
A flower, the fullest in its bloom,
The fairest sharer of the doom, —
But ere she died, brief while before,
A daughter babe that mother bore,
One boon unto the Baron left
Of consort and of sons bereft.

Succeeded long a reign of gloom,
When they had vanished to the tomb;

There poured not from the castle door
The joyousness that pealed before,
And on the massy walls of stone
The climbing vines had overgrown,
And gave a heightened, solemn grace
Of mournfulness about the place;
A sign of sympathy was worn
By Nature that would else adorn.
The noble, great, and goodly chief
Grew gray, so full his cup of grief;
In nought could e'er he find relief;
'T was dreadful loneliness that clung
To him, and o'er his spirits hung;
And from that day unto this hour
Has ne'er in tent, in hall, or bower,
Loud mirth released the darksome frown
From his stern face of sunborn brown;
And never from his rended heart
The sad remembrance will depart,
Of that ill-fortuned, distant day,
That consort took and sons away.
Although he knows their sins forgiven,
Although he knows them glad in Heaven,
Full many a time within a day
For them he doth to Heaven pray;
And when he hears each castle bell,
A rosary he stops to tell.—
How wearisome his moments pass!

Look up to Heaven and say Alas !
For good and great Sir Nicholas.

IV.

Among a mass of mountain piles,
Above the castle many miles,
A turbid river owns its source ;
And as its wild and tumbling course
Through bushy brake and vernal vale,
And woody wilds and marshy dale,
In all its winding path doth go,
It tends right, hitherward its flow ;
And from its brim the summits rise,
That fade within the Western skies ;
And likewise as the mountain trends,
So, skyward, yonder slope extends.
It is, enrobed in verdant dress,
A scene of vernal loveliness ;
As if, indeed, a nymph of Spring
Did hither her sweet children bring,
As if she found a dwelling-place
For all her young and blooming race.

V.

But lo ! see yonder youngster creep
With steady step adown the steep,
Who, hurrying by the riverside
Doth up the hill so verdant glide ;

But now he falters ere the top,
And doth in mild recumbence drop,
And rests his head upon his arm,
As yet the sun is not too warm.
He lies alone upon the hill,
And listens to the woodnotes shrill,
And dreams that never did he meet
With sleep or pleasure half as sweet
As these few moments, when he steals
From nothingness the joy he feels.

'T is Conradine, who, proud of lore,
Accumulates his knowledge more,
By dwelling with his brain and eye
Upon the objects he may spy.
Few flowers grow up in any bowers,
That he knows not their name and powers ;
And worlds, that in the blue air swim,
Unlock their mysteries to him ;
And penetrates he every star,
That shines from out the dome afar.

And who is he, commanding more
Of the great sea of bookish lore?
Possessionless he is of peers
Among the many of his years,
And he can meet the bearded sage,
As great in wisdom as in age.

VI.

Lo! careless caperers on the ground,
Just in the wood beyond the bound,
Is yon congenial, girlish troop,
A pleasant yet a plotting group;
It is the train of Evaleen,
That wanders in the woodland green,
That in the castle park doth stray
To pluck the flowers of to-day.
In truth, the leader feminine,
Is none but she, fair Evaleen;
And chosen maids are round her seen.
For now her father's dearest pride,
He places comfort at her side;
In faith, he loves his daughter so,
That anything he will bestow,
Be gotten it from shore or seas,
That will his darling daughter please;
And has not more solicitude
The robin o'er her helpless brood,
Than he for his sweet daughter gives;
In truth, 't is for his child he lives.
They glide apast the bosky glade,
Apast the bright tree's chilly shade,
And now with careful tread they pass
Adown the tufty slope of grass;
Adown, adown, they steal, unseen
By unsuspicious Conradine.

Ah, thoughtless youth ! 't is sweet to dream
While life is halcyon in its stream,
To let the restless fancy stray
Along its airy, boundless way,
And gild each flower with brilliant glow,
And over truth a vesture throw ;
Whilst in our dreaminess there rise
Imagined towers to the skies.
Dream on, sincerely, Conradine, —
Life's sterner days are yet unseen ;
Dream, knowing not Care's blighting touch,
Or haggard Disappointment's clutch.

The ruddy current in its course,
Fast pelting on with steady force,
Enlivens with its healthy streak
The youth's full-blown and pulpy cheek ;
His eyes are held in emptv stare
Upon the azure depth of air, —
And yet from out their azure deep
I see a thousand passions leap.
But now that thoughtful attitude
Has vanished with his gloomy mood ;
Exultant feelings spread their trace
In sweet expression on his face ;
Some rapture has a dimple wrought
Where just before the deepened thought
A sternness o'er the spot had brought ;

And as the dimples climb along,
His gladness outbursts into song;
One inspiration swells his throat,
And full and clear, in boyish note,
To while the leisure hour away
He scatters idly forth the lay;
Not easier carols yonder thrush,
That dances on the hawthorn bush.

SONG.

"Like a vicious hag, bearing a sweet and good child,
Has the Spring been begotten of Winter so wild,
And nourished with showers
And brightened with flowers,
It gladdens man's eye, wherever it gaze;
For river and fell,
And valley and dell,
Have some little spell,
To charm and delight
Voluptuous man's sight,
While mellowed is all by a vernal sun's rays.

"When the summits no longer were covered with snow,
And a fresh tint of verdure peeped up from below,
And valleys grew green,
And beauty was seen
To rise from her covert, and bloom in all parts;
Then went I to rove
In garden and grove,

And ever to love
Each roseate nook,
Where Nature fair took
A love for itself, from our wandering hearts."

Half-listening, advancing half,
The girls move on, nor dare to laugh;
No unapt sound their prank betrays,
No accident their movements stays.
Can not the dreaming youngster hear
The loud hearts fluttering so near?
No; as the maidens steal along,
The youth bursts louder in his song.

"So to life is our youth as the Spring to the year,
A season unknown to the bondage of care:
A season of mirth,
The fairest of earth:
A season of joyousness, luxury, love.
O, what would Age give
Once more to revive
Sweet Youth, and relive
That season of mirth,
And knowing its worth
Imagine it sweet as existence above!"

Another anxious moment still
Ere they can win their earnest will;
'T is but a lengthy, cautious pace.
Ah! they are masters of the race.

A twinkling, and the headmost girl
Throws o'er his eyes two palms of pearl,
And sooner than by me 't is said,
They cast a garland on his head,
And, laughing in unstinted glee,
Adown the grassy slope they flee.
None, none of all the girlish train,
Save one brave maiden, doth remain;
'T is she, the high-born Evaleen,
Who chains the captive Conradine,
And holds in tenderest control
The little windows of his soul.
But he, with instant impulse rough,
Breaks from the soft, encircling buff,
And kens the trick with mental view,
And deeming punishment is due,
Doth seize the maid in ruthless grasp;
His arms around the maiden clasp;
And bent on momentary bliss
The pilferer, giving, steals a kiss.
But quickly, as he doth release,
To her companions back she flees,
Who, all regardless of the blush
That spreads along its crimson rush
Upon the face of Evaleen,
Joy at the fate of Conradine,
And pour in wild, obstreperous shout
Their jubilant emotions out,

And, as they go their homeward track,
Fling many a furtive glance aback
To where the loiterer lingers still
Upon the velvet-breasted hill.

VII.

But why their simple thoughts still dwell
Upon him there, ah ! who can tell ?
And why, as they pursue their walk,
Bear they him in their idle talk ?
If 't is his brilliant orbs of view
Some inner beauty outward threw,
Yet is the color of the sky
Much fairer far than is his eye ;
Cerulean both are, yet 't is true,
The sky is of the purest blue ;
Albeit his cheek 's of rosy hue,
The rose is lovelier to view.

And what at that same moment made
Such agitation seize the lad ?
'T was not his will to feel so gay,
With sprightly spring to bound away.
A mass of pleasant day-dreams sways
His mind and sets it all ablaze,
That not alone within his brain,
But o'er his spirits spread its reign ;
As if the awakened soul espied
The very thing for which it sighed,

And now enlivened, wild, and free,
Exulted in its victory.

But who is it, that charmed him so,
That lovely face he did not know?
'T was only left for him to guess
(As she had worn a peasant's dress),
That she was some fair peasant-maid
Who had across his pathway strayed,
And now their ways so sweetly crossed
Were each unto the other lost.

VIII.

On sailed the Spring through Time's calm tide,
And in the Summer's warmth it died;
The torrid season waned away
To Autumn's cheerless, chilly day;
A dreary Winter came with frost
And death for every clime it crossed:
The leaf fell lifeless from the twig,
Each branch diminished to a sprig;
Each trunk a skeleton appeared,
High in the frigid air upreared,
And as it met the keen, cold wind,
Like one it seemed, who, living, sinned,
And, dead, repentant, sad, and dreary,
Bespoke his own sad *miserere*.

And nowhere stayed an only trace
Of all the beauteous, blooming race;

For long before it had been slain
By some harsh blast from Winter's train.
Though sere by Summer's burning beam,
And numbed 'neath Autumn's fitful gleam,
A tinge of green was lingering still
In vernal beauty on the hill;
And ruthless Winter, wroth to find
That lovely vestige left behind
Of lovelier seasons gone before,
From Nature's breast the fresh tint tore;
Each blade received the fatal blow,
And sank to dust beneath the snow:
As some brave youth, with vigorous life,
Presents himself amid the strife,
'Mongst shattered lines that, fallen hope,
'Gainst mighty foeman weakly cope,
And but endeavors to contend,
As some hot message tells his end;
But dying, as he fought, a man,
Dies last and bravest of his clan.

IX.

And oftentimes through glen and glade
The steps of Conradine have strayed,
And mountain, mead, and village street
Knew well the beating of his feet.
Full many a maiden in the isle,
He knew, but none who wore the smile

And lovely eyes, that he had seen
To beam from lovely Evaleen ;
And yet, within his ruffled mind,
A fancy told him he would find
The maid for whom his bosom pined.
So rapturous was that only glance,
It made his recollection dance ;
Her being haunted him for aye ;
And 'gain to feel that ecstacy,
Which shot o'er him its rapid thrill,
When he had met her on the hill,
He 'd venture aught — nay, risk his breath,
Nor tremble afterward for Death.
But dreamt he not in sumptuous tower
Did she beguile full many an hour,
Nor that she sat in sumptuous ease,
Begirt by aught and all that please ;
That slaves bent low at her command,
Obeyed each motion of her hand, —
Not such imagined Conradine :
A peasant maiden he had seen ;
Her simple garb did not possess
The brilliance of a noble's dress ;
And ne'er dreamt he a peasant's guise
Could satisfy a noble's eyes.
And Evaleen for once had bowed,
From her high station, lofty, proud ;
For once a being she had caught

Who stole her sweetest, dearest thought,
On whose rare face high genius sate,
And virtue, placed to captivate
A youth, who held in mild control
The recollections in her soul.
Rich princes, fair in limb and face,
Left far away their dwelling-place,
And at nobility's behests
Became the mighty Baron's guests;
But none of all them, gifted, fair
As one who never ventured there;
Of all the gallant princes seen,
None could so charm like Conradine.
Yes, it was he, the scienced lad
That made her hopeful bosom glad.
She saw him not; yet Nature's law
Made dearer whom but once she saw;
For it was love; yes, love, that bound
Her heart and mind to thoughts profound.

X.

One day within his father's hall,
Where pictured were his fathers all
Upon the high and gorgeous wall,
Sir Nicholas in silence sate,
And deeply seemed to ruminate,
Till, rising, his stilled tongue awoke
And, "Evaleen," in loudness spoke;

He scarcely reached again his seat,
When, lo! his eyes in gladness meet
His Evaleen, his daughter, pride;
She 's gliding to her father's side.
She, seeing him still mute, she near,
Said, gently, "Father, I am here.
Why is it that I see thee sad?
I would I saw thee gay and glad.
O Father! tell what cares enchain
Thy wise and good and watchful brain;
But tell me, and I 'll mass my might
To put thy dismal foe to flight.
I oft have soothed thy troubled breast
By singing passion's wave to rest;
And e'en now may that power belong
Unto a simple maiden's song."

He said, "I recognize thy power,
But 't is for singing not the hour.
It fits thine age, it seems to me,
To break my settled mind to thee.
Oft wish I, and I often pray,
That Sorrow's tear may seldom stray
Across thy cheek, nor Joy resign
Its flowery throne to Sorrow's line.
That wish, I pray my child to keep,
Albeit all other memories sleep.
I 've lived a long and varied while
The honest chieftain of this isle.

I 've gloried in the fullest health,
Yet all my place of treasured wealth,
E'en did it thousand-fold increase
I 'd give it all to purchase peace.

"We cannot Fate's decision tell;
Hope, only, pictures all as well.
Yet for the youthful feet we lay
A flowery and a lengthy way;
And think the child may long live on,
While parents will be dead and gone.
So, ever, daughter, bear in mind
That to thee I was just and kind;
And every action done for thee
Was from sincerest love from me;
So let that truth forever rest,
My Evaleen, within thy breast.
I tell thee this, for three days more
And thou must pass the castle door,
And dwell within a cloistral dome,
To leave thy father and his home.
And though we, upward from thy birth,
Have taught thee heavenly truths on earth,
Yet those, to Heaven bound votively,
Will tell more holy things to thee.
Nay, lose not now a precious tear;
'T is but a short and single year,
And 'gain thy footsteps will be here."

So said the wise Sir Nicholas,
Although the child, in eagerness,
With frequent interruptions broke
The train of what the baron spoke ;
And as he ceased, she, at his side
And looking in his face, replied :
"O Father ! when my days are done,
May Eden's bowers be not won,
If, traitor to thy daughter's heart,
My love for thee will e'er depart,
Yes, Father" — "Yes, my jewel, yes ;
Thy mingling feelings I can guess.
But let not sad emotions stay, —
Come ! smite thy harp and raise the lay."
She took the proffered instrument,
And spirit to its strings she lent.
"It is the evening hour," she spoke,
"And meet it now seems to invoke
The Holy Mother of us all ;
Now on her Holy Name I call :

HYMN.

"Virgin spotless, Heaven's Queen,
Harken to us supplicating !
Gracious gifts from thee we 've seen,
Other graces still awaiting.
Guard us, watch us, we beseech ;
Shield us, father, daughter, each.

Happy throbs the maiden's pulse,
When she soothes a father's spirit;
Happily her breast exults,
When a father's love is near it.
Mother, these are boons from thee;
Never let these gifts then flee!

"Keep us in sweet unison,
Keep us bound in sweet affection,
Let our two hearts beat as one,
Underneath thy sweet protection.
Then, Sweet Mother, ever yield
Unto us a trusty shield.
Be our guardian evermore,
In woe, weal, or pain or pleasure;
Unto us sweet virtues shower
With unstinted, boundless measure;
Ever Guardian at our side,
Help, Sweet Mother, help, and guide."

Then sounded Duty from his place,
And with a long, sincere embrace,
The father left the guileless child,
Who in her resignation smiled.

XI.

Night fell upon the day; day went,
And time came, and night's reign was spent,
And when light in her chamber broke,
From sleep fair Evaleen awoke.

A matin prayer ran from her breast
At true Devotion's mild behest;
And as she rose from downy rest,
A thought, like lightning, to her sped,
With sweet remembrance to her head;
And thus ideas 'gan to rave:
"A year has vanished to the grave
Of cold eternity, since he
Lit on my pathway suddenly,
Sung a sweet song and flew away;
Yes, 't is a year this very day.
'T is Spring again, and I will haste
O'er spots my fancy calls a waste,
Though there the brightest flowers are blown;
And Beauty holds the place her own.
And I will don the peasant's guise,
For it is beauteous to my eyes;
Neglected has it lain away,
Since just a year aback to-day;
And now to wear it as before
Will but endear it all the more."

When robed, her father did she meet,
And, with embrace, good-morning greet,
Then passed to take her morning fare,
Ere she would taste the scented air.
She hurried outward to the road,
She hurried from her rich abode,

And o'er the thymy fields and leas
She walked, exultant in her ease.
Most pleasant is that solitude
On which no sadness doth intrude;
Such time as can the heart employ
Alone in unpolluted joy:
Such happiness it was that lent
To Evaleen high ravishment.

XII.

A little grassy line there lay,
Which led the maiden's easy way.
That level lengthened out at first,
But soon to elevation burst;
And as she strayed across, her eye
From side to side ran carelessly;
For thereabout grew many a gem;
And where the dandelion's stem
Held high its golden burden up,
Beside the yellow buttercup,
She stooped to tear it from its nest
And place it sparkling on her breast.
But lo! as she rose from the green,
Advancing toward her was seen,
A stone-shot from her — Conradine.

Surprised, but joyous in surprise,
While such an object held her eyes,

Rubescence gathered in her face,
And ran her thoughts in wildest chase.
His steps came nearer; instant met
Two azure eyes and two of jet;
And as he was to pass the maid,
He doffed his peasant cap, and said:
"Fair one, methinks this tongue not strange
That speaks to thee, so wont to range.
Hence, maiden; not beyond yon grove
Should you alone attempt to rove!
For there within the Baron's park,
Which stretches southward long and dark,
A band of lawless, ruthless men
Have seized the woodland as their den.
O, go! in other portions stray,
But strive not to pursue this way!
I said no stranger do you see
In me, who would ward harm from thee.
'T was once, a year ago, we met;
That meeting I can ne'er forget.
And, maiden, may I question thee
If thou dost recollect e'en me?"
"In sooth I do;" she answering said,
"For my remembrance is not dead:
Thou 'rt he whose carol we did hear,
Thou thinking not a heart beat near.
We stay. My thanks what words can say
For warning me of yonder way?

What words can tell?" "Think not of them.
I know thou lov'st a flowery gem,
So take this blue forget-me-not;
I tore it from a bloomy spot.
O, take it; and when thou wilt see,
Then I, within thy memory
Will be reflected back to thee!"
"I know not why," she made response,
"That though I saw thy face but once,
Yet I — the rest I fear you guess;
And, truth! 't is idle to confess.
Farewell! we yet may meet again;
But, Youth, I tremble to think when.
An orphan, now for aid I call
To Heaven, and seek the convent hall."

A moment, and his feelings broke
From all restraint, as thus he spoke:
"Then, ere thou must away, O, take
The words with which my tongue doth break.
I love thee; yes, about my heart
I feel the glad pulsations start
Whene'er I catch a thought of thee,
Sweet, shining star of memory.
I know not thee; yet still I deem
That my first fancy was no dream;
For oft a glance can read the whole,
E'en penetrate the deepest soul;

And thou, fair one, hast made me feel,
I 've loved, I love, and ever will ! "
Again she spoke : " I love thee, too ;
Such words are weak in others' view ;
But thou, who feel'st what passions live
Within my bosom here, can give
Thy heart to me, — and now, to prove
That what my bosom feels is love,
I give thee this. May'st keep it true !
And now, unknown, loved Youth, adieu ! "
A twine beta'en of tresses fair
She dropped among his fingers there,
And straightway turned, and way was ta'en
Across the grassy lea again,
So quick, the youth delayed to tell
His slowly muttered, sad farewell.
When hearts are fullest, tongues forsake
Their duties, and when oft to break
Their messages of high import,
They into idleness resort,
And muter grow, when darksome gloom
Hangs o'er hot passion like a doom,
And seems to lead it to its tomb.

XIII.

She flew ; but in the hearts so cleft
There was a firm affection left,
That, born upon a happy day,
Not parting pangs could pluck away.

She went, a maiden true, devout,
Who left a pleasant world without,
And ceased the song and said the prayer,
The votary sincerest there.
Long season after season went,
Nor any hour so sternly spent
Appeared the maiden to regret,
But past enjoyment to forget.

But time fled on, and now no more
Was she to tread the convent floor,
But to meet her bearded sire,
And don a noble girl's attire.

XIV.

One day when she had been brief while
At home upon her father's isle,
Sir Nicholas, in guiding word,
Said, "Evaleen, I should be heard
In my intention, as thy year
Of womanhood is drawing near.
Oft thou hast heard me speak in love
Of one, whose regions lie above
The northern summits; him I mean,
Count Michael, Lord of Palmyrene.
He is my truest friend in life,
Save thee, and her, my sainted wife;
We met at school, and, leagued in strife,

Our joined battalions to the King
Did mighty acquisition bring.
And since his marriage he has won
A gallant, noble, duteous son;
And often each, our child, we said,
Should be unto the other's wed;
Hence know thyself a happy one,
If thou win'st Robert, Michael's son."

Amazed, she said: "E'en though his hand
Be raised the stoutest in the land,
E'en though his breast most gallant heave,
Him as a mate I'd ne'er receive,
Did my best judgment deem him what
My heart in love entreasured not."

"What!" cried the Baron, "so to hold
Contempt, unladylike and bold,
For customs aged as thy race!
For him who gave thy being place!"

"Ay, if I must." "Then see thy sire
For once by thee is wrought to ire.
I leave to quell my passion's fire."
His words were calm, yet did she know
That seldom was he spoken so;

She know him loth to e'er be heard
To speak to her in chiding word;
Unhappy he who flameth, wroth
At what his bosom's treasure doth.
Yet were the act to be anew,
As done before she 'gain would do;
For to her breast did naught belong,
That spoke to her of action wrong.

XV.

Time went, and, lowly clad, she stole
To find the idol of her soul;
They met; and frequent were their trysts.
(Before Love's eyes are ever mists,
And he but sees the golden ray
That serves to illume the glad to-day.)
Time went, but — each to each unknown —
Each oped to each the heart alone;
For when she asked his station, he
Thus reasoned in philosophy:
"When I have sought thy name and lot,
Thou answered to my queries not,
And till those things are told me first,
My secret neither will I burst."
And feared she her disguise to undo
Would cleave united hearts in two;
Yet felt she consciousness within,
That secresy is all but sin.

XVI.

At length, while they were wont to stray
Along some fair, sequestered way,
A horseman, known to Evaleen,
Clad grand and sumptuously, was seen,
With traitorous, penetrating eye,
To pass the strolling lovers by;
And Evaleen bethought those eyes
Reached what was 'neath her simple guise.
No erring guess; for as she crept
On through the castle gate, there stepped
With fitting bow, a faithful groom,
Who said: "Within his audience-room
My Lord awaits thee; yes, 't is thee;
And, faith, he waits impatiently.
Send thee to him, is his behest;
Hence, on! his head is not at rest."

His arm upon the mantle there —
His seemed a meditative air;
And well his features, as he turned,
Bespoke high passion in him burned;
And such the feelings were that woke
The words the Baron softly spoke:
"Oh! Evaleen, it rends my mind,
When ill against thy name I find.
Oh! that e'en now I could believe
That me thou never wouldst deceive,

But now these things are true, I see,
That I would wish not done by thee.
Thy mother, and my holy wife —
(What better being lived a life?)
Thou knew'st not her; her holy worth
Was prized by fitter than this earth.
She, as she sank to endless rest,
Gave me a last, a dear behest:
To teach thee, treasure, and to guide
And love thee as I did my bride;
Such were her wishes ere she died;
And if I erred from her command,
May Heaven show its blighting hand!
Stern Duty held me in its way;
'T was left for thee to disobey.
Thou 'st taken an unseemly guise,
And stolen from thy guardian's eyes,
Sought company of subject low.
How couldst thou sway to error so?"

Hot tear-drops crossed her cheek; in shame
She sobbed, to hear her stainless name
So spoken of with guilt and sin.
Soon firmness she began to win,
And told her tale in truth; nor prayed
That mercy should be fitly made,
When dignity had downward strayed.
But said she: "Oh! it was his heart;

He did but a true lover's part.
I knew him true, and sought not more,
Spell-stricken to my bosom's core.
No more than once not e'en his name
Or station have I asked; the same
Had he once mine; I was not bold
Enough to tell, so his was told
Not unto me. Unknown we loved,
And in the height of love we roved;
But Love endeavored not to win
Its votive children into sin.
O Father! if thy child did err,
Than mine the fault more Nature's were."
She dropped upon her knee, and cried:
"O Father! fling this mask aside;
Do not be rough; for, know I grieve;
Now in thy love for me, forgive.
Form on thy plan; seek Palmyrene;
Bring Michael's son to Evaleen,
And I will act to thy command.
And take the gallant Robert's hand,
And chase this love from out my breast,
Obedient to my sire's behest."

"Becoming speaks my daughter now;
And, truth, I could but wonder how
That thou couldst *love* a youth so low;
Sincere he is, and true I know:

The wisest youth, that breathes about ;
But from our line he is without.
I hear his name applauded much,
And well I love to hear it such ;
But never pulse within him ran,
Bespeaking him a nobleman ;
Though Conradine be wise and true,
His veins hold not the high-born blue."

"What ! what !" exclaimed she : "Has it been —
Is he the studious Conradine?
How often have I heard that name
Comé in the fitful guests of fame !
'T is he ! who have great minds as he,
Can love as strong in mystery."

Sir Nicholas was loth to hear
That maiden's talk, though 't was sincere,
And interrupted thus : "I mean
To go, at morn, to Palmyrene.
But see ! the courier doth await ;
Pray, meet him at the outer gate."

She raced away ; at length she brought
The packets. As the Baron caught
One tinged with black and white, he saith :
"Methinks this message tells of death."
He seized it, cleft the waxen seal,
And thus read what it did reveal :

"O, bitter blight! O, bitter doom
That sudden and undreamt doth come!
At Palmyrene, as day rose fair,
Count Michael had a healthy air;
But as at noon the steeple rang,
Athwart his breast a sudden pang
Ran rapidly unto his heart,
And tore his soul and life apart."

When he in failing voice had read,
"God speed his soul to Heaven!" he said;
And as he dropped the unbidden tear,
He saw his silent daughter near,
And in a mournful, trembling tone
He whispered: "Let me be alone."
She went; and there he sat and wept,
And mused till on the evening crept;
And day betook an early flight
Before the ebon powers of night.
Still there he mused of times before,
And mourned the friend whose life was o'er.
But sleep came o'er his aching breast,
And led his troubled mind to rest;
And there the watchman on his round
The mute and dreaming Baron found,
But let him peacefully recline,
As if that mind he did divine,
And as if loth to wake that brain
To Sorrow's long and lingering pain.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

'T is night, the deepest hour of night,
And dark and clouded is the sky ;
There 's not a gleam of Nature's light,
Save when the rapid lightning-waves
Spring instantly from skyey caves,
And set the whole ablaze on high,
Alit but momentarily.
The wind is wild upon the wave,
And o'er the isle its voices rave ;
And often, as each hurrying breeze
Descends upon the restless trees,
Do mighty, thunderous voices leap
From out the forest, dark and deep ;
While far out on the billowy seas,
As sharply darts the instant flash ;
The awful sudden thunders crash,
And strong the rolling surges dash
With thunderous and continued shock
Against the rugged shores of rock.
The lantern on the castle height,
That shines alone so purely bright
At this dark, awful midnight hour,
Is in the lonely watchman's tower ;
While all below is wrapt in night,
A gloomy object to the sight.

O, where is one can linger here
And feel not an unearthly fear!

II.

But hark! O Jesus, shield us! Hark!
What is it? and the night so dark!
O, can it be, that coward fear
Makes us unearthing things to hear?
Or are they my true senses tell
That peals the castle's danger-bell.
O Christ! it is the dread alarm!
May Heaven protect the isle from harm!

The watchman paced about his room,
Impatient, lonely in the gloom;
Not many times he hurried o'er
Ere other steps were on the floor;
For Nicholas from sleep profound
Had started at the bell's first sound,
And hastening up the marble stair,
Paused at the watchman's chamber there,
And cried: "Alonzo! why this bell?"

He answered: "Lord, I cannot tell.
Short while before, I caught the rays
Outshooting from yon beacon blaze —
'T is reddening all the northen sky;
I fear, my Lord, there 's danger nigh.

'T is ours to speed the signal out
Across the island to the south."
The lightning-flash a moment lent
Illumination swift, and went;
And in the watchman's hand, upreared
Aloft, a black, black ball appeared,
That, hurled along an airy track,
Soon struck a towering pile as black.
And lo! the heap is all afire;
The flames are climbing, higher, higher;
And gathering round the blazing pile
Are all the clansmen of the isle,
And near and nearing torches swarm
In answer to the dread alarm;
While round the yard are hasty troops
Preparing all in bustling groups.

An hour did this assembly wait,
When fleet hoofs halted at the gate,
And a cloaked man sprang from a steed,
And bade all men to instant heed.
A thousand hearts made not a stir
As he, the royal messenger,
Did a long, royal-written scroll
Before the multitude unroll,
Shook once his drenched and spattered cloak,
And reading in the torchlight, spoke:

"Sir Nicholas, Rebellion lives
Where unrestrained ambition thrives!
Five years are to oblivion sped,
Since Palmyrene's late lord lay dead;
To whose son 't is fated to belong,
To deem a just reproof a wrong,
And league to attack a liege's crown,
And seek to tear an empire down
To whisper round in cautious tongue
The words from traitorous reason wrung!
(In sooth, with him a mass rebel,
And hundred thousands must we quell).
Hence, Nicholas! I bid thee yield
Thy hand upon the battle-field;
Be prompt! for this rebellion dies
Ere falls three suns in western skies!
Your sovereign Liege." All, all was still,
As Nicholas replied, "I will!"

A sudden stroke, a sudden lash,
And off a horse and horseman dash;
The freshest stallion, live and fleet,
Has now its swiftest task to meet,
And they, who stay the skilful oar,
So soon to speed him from the shore;
For he 's the messenger sent out
To rouse the country in the South.

III.

Sir Nicholas the Baron stood
Before the silent multitude,
And while he watched the flying steed,
He muttered out, "And he to lead
Against his own, his father's lord,
Against his friends, this rebel horde:
The King's most faithful friend, the sire;
The son, the foe of fiercest ire.
I, too, his friend, to take the field
And sword and shot against him wield.
But he is young and gallant; aye,
He may do wonders ere he die.
His ranks are stout; methinks we meet
A mass not easy to defeat.
And ere three times the Western sun
Goes down, the battle will be done.
Hence, up! my men! each to his task!
No quarter will the rebels ask
Or give, as their designs are known
Just as the bud is all but blown.
Then up! for all our island force
At noon in warlike barges cross
The sea, with cannon and with horse!"

IV.

When morning beamed, the soldiers stood
A well-equippéd multitude;

But none more loyal is there there,
Than the exulting volunteer
Whose arm, trained up from early life
To bear the patriotic strife,
Was rising 'mongst the dauntless first,
When forth Rebellion's war-cloud burst.

As Nicholas surveyed the men,
Assembled 'fore his master-ken,
Ere they would man the massy barge
That waited at the ocean's marge,
He met with one whose fame and mien
Was know to him. 'T was Conradine.
And as he marked his guileless face,
He said: "Young man, is this thy place?
Hear'st not the voice of science call
To studious vigil in her hall?
Hast not thou now a scholar's fame? —
Why seek to win a soldier's name?
Thy years are but a score and one,
Thy day of glory but begun —
Why quit a world of brightest hope,
And come with battling men to cope?"

"My Lord," he said, "not death I fear;
An inner voice I only hear.
A patriotic spirit guides
To where Death's dreadful angel rides.

'T were wrong to hold a laureate name,
And hold as naught a country's claim!"

"But hast not thou, so young, to part
With some close being of the heart?"

"Ay, Lord; but when the strife is done,
And halcyon peace again is won,
Then meet again that One I can,
And saying, 'Now, I am a man!'"

"Brave! brave!" the Baron said; and passed
Among the hardy warriors massed.
So admirative had he grown,
All prejudice he did disown,
His feelings overcame his will,
Though lordly pride was reigning still.

On o'er the water fled the sail,
The soldiers frolic as the gale;
Till, anchors dropped, the island band
Stepped forth upon the royal land,
And mingled all their robust groups
Amid the patriotic troops;
While squadrons gather every hour
To magnify their sovereign's power.

V.

Within the camp was warlike work;
No preparation did they shirk;

For message came, that said no cheer,
But told the full-swelled foemen near,
And all the country giving way
Unto the rebel Robert's sway,
Who marches on against the King,
All confident of conquering.

Behind the mountains of the West
The sun has rolled his golden crest,
The stars are dancing in the skies;
And high the camp-fires' flames arise.
The darkness is alive; for all
Are stirring, for, behind the wall
Of summits, marches on the foe —
To-morrow all will battle know;
For Robert's men are coming forth
With stout, strong legions from the North.
Time fleeting passes; on they near;
Upon the summits they appear,
But pause to bivouac through the night,
And rise again at morning's light.
The sun is up, the rebels move;
While many a far-off State doth prove
Its loyalty with brawny men,
Aroused from mountain, vale, and glen.
High danger's signal bade them speed
Where earnest arms are held in need,
And now the trusty soldiers show
Resistance to the advancing foe.

VI.

But lo! they clash along the right,
Where stout Lord Alfred leads the fight;
The rebel lines have oped the strife,
And answers volley on their life.
Now rides the Angel of the Tomb!
From line to line the cannons boom,
And flaming missiles arch the air!
While, when the thundering tongues could spare
A silent instant, bugle-blares
Were mingled in discordant airs,
With voices, in chaotic din,
Encouraging each host to win!

The Warrior-King rode up along
Unto the sturdy central throng,
And shouted: "Soldiers! with this fray
Our nation lives! or dies away!
We fight for life! Gaze, gaze! and heed
How nobly doth Lord Alfred lead!
All bravely stand in bold array,
As now the battle waves this way!"
Hours fly; 't is noonday. Every man,
Of royal or of rebel clan,
Who breathes, contends still on, nor heeds
What comrade round about him bleeds;
Few 'fore the deadly missives flinch
To give the foe a conquering inch.

VII.

But now Lord Robert makes advance
Upon the King, whose vigilance
Deserts him not, but prompts him use
Strong judgment in each warlike ruse.
Rash is Lord Robert thus to guide
Against so courageous a side ;
The battle thickens, and amain
He wavers on the battle-plain ;
He falls aback from place to place,
The old King hot in active chase ;
And now the failing lines begin
To lose the hope that prompts to win ;
The royal troop, enlivened, use
Advantages the others lose.

Along the north there rose a hill,
That Robert's men were holding still ;
And now stole news that whelming aid,
By difficulties long delayed,
Was speeding on to join the fray,
And was but furlongs five away ;
And that in less than half an hour,
It would adown the summit shower
Upon the patriotic power.
For he, by rebel tenets won,
Bold Roland, Lord of Edwinton,
With men half-savage, stout, and strong,
Who sought not right, nor heeded wrong,

Had now a mighty arm to wield
For Robert on the battle-field.

"Lord Alfred!" shouts the King, "lead on!
For yonder summits must be won!
Let bayonets gleam the while to break
The foeman's files, and yon hill take!
The centre will support thee! Go!"
A word, and Alfred's legions throw
Their forward form from the fair South,
Afront of many a cannon's mouth.

But mark that sudden plunge, that cry
That smites the ear so painfully!
Doth not brave Lord Alfred fall
A victim to a rebel ball?
Not far he leads, ere from his horse
He rolls afield, a bloody corse;
And, colors tattered, at his head
The standard-bearer brave is dead;
And all disheartened, in dismay,
Half-coward, turn to fly away.

But lo! again they face the foe!
For one from out the headmost row
Sprang to the stallion's vacant back,
And shouted: "Follow in my track!"
While from his upraised sword, in lieu
Of colors gone, a kerchief flew.

As sure as ever truth is saith,
The leader hath no fear of death.
But who is he? He has no plume. —
O, hears he not the cannon's boom
Right in his face, or sees the might
Concentred on the lofty height? —
He 's shielded by some power divine.
He waves his hand. 'T is Conradine!

And at his back the island band,
The force most loyal in the land,
And faithful legions crowd along
Amid the big advancing throng,
That seems but hastening to the dead;
For thousand missiles overhead
Descend, death-dealing; and before
A thousand cannons belch and roar.
But what is death to men who know
That they are gaining on the foe?
'T is Hope seized from Destruction's claw!
On to the fateful hill they draw;
But to it still the rebels cling,
And slaughter on the assailants fling.
But fast the fearless legion nears;
Into the foeman's files they pierce.
The hill is won! the rebels fly!
As now the central mass is nigh.
Lord Roland comes; the rebels stay
To meet the fiercest, fellest fray.

Again the force, recuited large,
Breaks on the foe with cruel charge,
Who still contend, but all in vain :
The bravest rebel on the plain,
The young chief, Robert Bold, is slain.
'Mid hottest warring, without fear,
He fell aground a lifeless bier.

VIII.

'T is twilight ; all along the plain
Are ghastly heaps of warriors slain,
But war is stilled, Rebellion dead ;
Dead with its chieftain, with its head ;
And he, who was the first to pierce
That chieftain's ranks with onset fierce,
Is circled by the noble all ;
And from each tongue quick questions fall ;
And hearty words of true applause
The young and gallant soldier draws.

Thus saith the King, and wrung his hand :
"And thou art of the island band,
And Conradine thy name ! — In sooth,
We owe great debts to thee, brave youth ;
Thy quick thought held for me my crown.
'T is true—our kingdom would be down.
Sir Nicholas, with thee I knew
That loyalty and wisdom grew. —

Now Palmyrene's last lord is dead,
O that his days were spotless sped!
(Before him, search his lengthy race,
And once find dark dishonor's trace.
'T was wild Ambition spurred him on
To reach its brilliant, airy throne.
He bravely died; let it be said
He went not praiseless to the dead.)

Then, young man, let another line
Begin with thee; so, Conradine,
Assume the name of him, who fell.
And on the vacant acres dwell;
Be Palmyrene's domains thine own.
Thou bow but to thy sovereign's throne.
Erelong, with ceremony meet,
This installation we 'll repeat.
His bursting thanks the King not heard,
But in important action stirred;
For night is creeping from her realm,
And darkness soon will overwhelm.

IX.

Ne'er happier blazed an ardent soul,
Ne'er faster did there pulses roll,
Than those in him, the Island Lord,
From whose lines flashed the conqueror's sword.
Pleased with both Conradine and the King,
Sir Nicholas was glorying;

Amazed, his breast with rapture fired,
He thought the youth whom he admired
More hero than himself, and now
With worthy deed he sought to show,
With worthy deed he sought to prove,
His admiration, — nay, his love.
And speaking, secret from the throng
That circled Conradine for long,
With just applausive benison
For dignity and battle won,
Soon said, in slower, careful word,
The speech his inner feelings stirred :
" Count Michael was my dearest friend,
And when he went by sudden end,
The dream to make our children one
Was from Hope's fitful vision gone.
Thou know'st the rest, — young Robert died,
'T was well — she would not be his bride.

" My daughter had her will. I ween,
She loved the line of Palmyrene,
But owned young notions. 'Gain I bind
My former purpose to my mind ;
I mean that may my Evaleen
Be lady yet of Palmyrene.
Think not I jest when, Conradine,
I say my Evaleen is thine."

"My Lord, I know her not. Dost dream,
To think that she would have esteem
For me, who art unknown?" —
"Unknown!
I feel thou speakest true, I own;
And yet thou knowest her. Hast thou
Not pledged to her a lover's vow?
Hast thou not broke beyond thy race,
And met her in thy wonted place?
Kneel not, speak not; I know it all.
Why thus for vain forgiveness call?
Well wroth I was, when first I heard;
But 't was ancestral pride, that stirred
Embosomed ire; but, Conradine,
Since thou art level with my line,
Sincere, with love, unbidden, free,
I give my Evaleen to thee."

A fervent pressure of the hand,
Obedient to the heart's command,
He gave, and softly muttered soon:
"My Lord, I'll take thy cherished boon."
Then silently they went again,
But thoughtful, from the battle-plain.

The youth, that climbed to glory's hill,
Has hopeful dreams more golden still,
And, thrilled to fullest ecstacy,
Sees sure events of times to be;

And sees, all radiant at his side,
His unknown love, long-wished-for bride.
Time stole away in easy flight,
And evening died in moonlit night,
And day of laborsome action led
To halcyon slumber's peaceful bed ;
But ere they were in slumber laid,
Sir Nicholas at parting said :
"It was my wish that Evaleen
Would wed the son of Palmyrene.
Count Michael wished with me ; we strove
To have that symbol of our love.—
O many a weary day I've spent !
My daughter was the one that lent
A balm for sorrow bad as death ;
And many a time my heart hath saith
A prayer to Heaven for her weal ;
And Heaven answered my appeal.
Was sable once this beard of snow ;
It took its oldish garb from woe.
For many and many a saddened day
I have not tasted pleasure gay.
Thou makest me glad ; I feel, in sooth,
The happiness that fled in youth.
With thee my golden dream is won ;
To thee I give my benison.
She loves thee true ; may comfort bless
Your plighted lives with happiness !

And may fore'er the isle of mine
Be faithful unto thee and thine,
And be in steady union strong
With Palmyrene for ages long!
Be this Old Age's benison:
My dream is won! my dream is won!"
For parley more he did not wait,
But turned abrupt, and parted straight;
Not e'en a minute's space he stood
To hear the spoken gratitude
Of Conradine, but off he flew;
And now alone the youth withdrew.
To rest his weary limbs in sleep;
For there was an oppressive heap
Of thought upon his tossing brain,
Half of delight and half of pain,
That with its weight severe oppressed
His mind, and made him long for rest.

X.

'T is night; the moonbeams white illume
With dubious gleam the silent room,
And on the slumberer they lie,
Who slumbers as if dreamingly.
To-morrow in a palace hall
Upon his brow the crown will fall.
To-morrow goes the youth to meet
The lady he loves most to greet.

Shine gloriously, thou moon, afar,
On one who won in love and war.

CONCLUSION.

As children dabbling in a brook,
With eager eyes, enraptured, look
Upon the currents, while they play
Apast the fingers in their way,
And, never staying, wind still on
Until the final goal is won ;
E'en so did Jamie's parents throw
Applause before my story's flow,
Which I did not appear to mind,
But let my rambling fancies find
Their outlet and their end ; and I,
Just as my tale began to die,
Could Jamie right before me see,
And smiling, but still staring me,
As doth a pleased beholder face
A person winning in a race.

The task then done, within we went,
And there a pleasant hour we spent ;
Recalled past pranks, and friends of old,
And many tales of mischief told.
Each sang, the parents, son, and I,
And Lionel, the little boy.
We talked of heroes, poets, aught ;
At length a comely handmaid brought

A tray with home-made wine and cake,
And soon did we a banquet make.

Of Jamie's idle hours a part
Was given to the tasks of art;
And now the parlor walls were graced
By paintings that his hand had traced.
And while I lingered, looking on
What Genius for itself had won,
In silence, admiration, rapt,
My arm was by a finger tapped,
And Lionel in whisper said,
'T was long apast his hour for bed.
Then I arose; wished all sweet rest;
Again my hand was warmly pressed,
And hopes ran out again we 'd come.
We bade them visit us at home,
And heard them wishing us good-night
As we passed out. The scene was bright;
Each object by the silver moon
As visible as at bright noon.
The moon was higher up than when
We came; more numerous then
The stars were; many now forsook
The places that at first they took.
Not e'en a zephyr crossed the hill,
And, save our footsteps, all was still.
While passing downward to the gate,
I heard the father's voice: "But wait,

And I will see you out." I turned ;
His home was at my eye : " I 've learned
To love this peace that you enjoy ;
No big ambition need annoy
You while you have your home."
" No ; ease
Your mind of worldly wishes. Peace
Should be your object. Be not bold,
And you 'll enjoy it ere you 're old.
Take all the wealth upon the earth,
And what is it all, doubled, worth?
But peace and virtue come from God, —
It is a weary way we plod,
And faith must cheer us on. Good-by !
How quick the time is passing by ;
The hour is nigh eleven. When
You think to visit us again,
You 're welcome."
Outward then we went
In silence, meditation blent
With admiration of the sight
In all the grandeur of the night.
We crossed the hills and meadows o'er,
And reached at length my young friend's door.
To Lionel I bade good-by,
And passed the little fellow by,
Then went along the silent road
That lead unto my own abode ;

I won it ; mother patiently
Was in her chair awaiting me ;
And I thanked God, and prayed him bless
Both her and me with happiness.

THE END.

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